bruing fo' bits wid me in case o' need." Old Gilbert drew from his pocket a long black plug of tobacco, which he looked at affectionately. "Hit's wuth all o' two bits," bosnid, and sighed; "but disnigger is a chu'ch member in full standin', en' I ain' gwan tell no lie, lessen satan git

He laid aside the harness he was patching, and went out into the grove, where, after assuring himself that there was no one to see him, he shut his eyes, whirled around and threw the tobacco as far as he could send it. "Now," he said, "I'm plum out, I kin ax fur pass ter go ter Eden. Hit's my bounden duty ter look atter dat boy."

The pass was readily granted, and while yet the sun was high in the sky old Gilbert set forth, attired in his glory, with the shadow of the cherished umbrella over him.

"Hit's two hours be sun, Mawse Nick." he said cheerily, as he passed the piazza, "en I kin come home by de light o' de moon. The treed too many 'possums ter be skeered o' de woods by moonlight."

Nicholas laughed to himself with the unspoken thought, "I verily believe all the old chap wanted was a chance to hoist that umbreils."

It was two miles to Eden, and old Gilbert, as be trudged along, had no more idea than a child how he should proceed in order to learn the secret of his young master's nightly rides, but with a firm belief in the righteousness of his underspecial providence. "Maybe I ain' gwan fin' out nothin',

but I gwan to do my bes'," he said to himself. "Sperreted young gemmens lak my Mawse Nick is sartin sho' ter get talked about, en' I mought hear something. En' I mought git sight o' dat black haves o' his'n He readily found the one store where

the scant retail trade of the place was transacted and entered with his pass in The storekeeper, a tall, lank, sallow,

stoop shouldered man with long hair and a heavy beard of dingy hue, leaned over the counter, and eving ald Gilbert's brass buttons with a smile, remarked: 'You must ov come from the mee-

"I'se fum Tallahassee, suh," said Gilbert, doffing his hat. "Col. Thorne's man Gilbert, come over ter de Sunrise plantation; en' here's my pass, suh."

"Anything you'll have?" said the storekeeper, glancing at the paper and hand-Two bits wuth of terbacker, of you

please, suh," old Gilbert made answer, producing an ancient leathern purse, 'Yo' town's a-growin', suh?" he said, ingratiatingly.

"Slowly, slowly," was the answer. "We'll have a railroad to the moon about the year 1900."

This joke was beyond old Gilbert's comprehension; but the little crowd loafing around set up a perfunctory shout. for the storekeeper was the local wit, The talk that followed had no bearing whatever upon the affairs of Nicholas Thorne, and Gilbert went out and sat on the stens a little disheartened. He had fancied that every one would be talking of his young master, but Thorne Hill was smaller than old Gilbert dreamed, and even this insignificant world of Eden turned upon a pivot of its own.

As the dusk deepened, and lights began To show in the windows of the scattering houses. Gilbert rose and strayed along the lonely and deserted street; for night came early to these primitive folk, who

"Call dishver Eden?" he muttered, in deepest scorn, "Better name hit Chaneyberry. Nuver seed sich a many Chaneyberry trees in all my time. En' de ain' good ter eat, nutber. Ef hit wuz Tallahassee now, many's de kitchen whey I mought git invited."

of the straggling street, where a house, guiltless of paint, like all the others, edge of an old field.

A prey to homesickness-a suffering unknown in his experience hitherto-old failbert sat him down on the stump of a wrote, an' the doctor said doan fret him, noble oak that had been felled to make an' so-an' so"--room for the overrated China tree.

Wish I wuz back ter Thorne Hill," he sighed. "Sich a supper ez I could eat! What straits you is brung dis po' ole no count nigger ter speriunce, Mawse Nick! his heart was very heavy. I gwan tell you bout dis when you en' Miss Flora gits married."

But the clatter of a horse's hoofs presently created a diversion in his thoughts the Sunrise plantation. It's a good piece and made him forget the pangs of hunger. o' lan'. It was Nicholas, who rode up to the gate in front of the lone house, dismount- | Gilbert. ed and hitched his horse.

> CHAPTER IV. IN DUTY HOUND



"Hit's a gal," ald Gilbert was almost b

When the young man had gone in, the self appointed detective areas and crept near the rail fence that surrounded the weed grown yard; but the windows of this house were hung with curtains.

"Deat 'em!" he grumbled, "Ev'v vuther house has riled toe wid desight of vitties, en' dis one hides me fum seein atter Mawso Nick. 'Spect hit's dat Marcus White crowd, playin' eyards, en' bettin' high. Doan b'lieve he's gone ter Texis. En' Mawse Nick-he means right. but detemptation is too strong. I gwan pintly tell mayester ter tek de boy outen dishver place."

Not finding another stump convenient Gilbert crouched down at the foot of a China tree, and resting his back against the trunk, waited and watched, how long he did not know. But at last his vigil was rewarded; the door opened, and Nicholas stood forth in the moonlight. He was talking to some one within, but only his voice, not his words, could be

Old Gilbert's devotion to the "fambly made excessiropping a duty. Creeping on his knees in the shadow of the fencas near the gate as he dared, he crouches

and bent his best ear, sided by his curved hand, to catch what Nicholas was saying. And this was what he heard:

"It is too glorious a night to lose: let is have one little stroll in the moon-"Hit's a gal!" old Gilbert was almost

It was a girl. She came out into the moonlight that flooded the porch, a tall. slender, dark haired girl, with a saintly face and a voice like a flute. She said something the old negro could not hear, but he heard his young master's reply:

"Of course the colonel will make a row at first. You see, Dosia, I hide nothing from you. But when they know all you've been to me-how you have redeemed me from my wild life, oh, dear

What more he said old Gilbert did not know; he had heard enough. He dropped flat on his face in a great fright, When he rose up Nicholas and the girl had passed down the street, arm in arm, The old sny could see them as they went.

"Gret King!" he gasped. "Is I come all dis hyer way ter see mawster's sonmawster's onliest son gallivantin wid one dem Furnivals? Sholy, sholy, Mawse Nick ain' gwan git tangled up wid dis po' white trash, I pray! Lawd! what I gawn io? I ain' gwan sav nothin' ter Mawse Nick, ter go mek him rampin' mad: I'd a sight vuther mawster'd git mad with me den rile Mawse Nick. Hit's mawster taking, he hoped for the guidance of a ter blame, keepin de boy in dishyer loneome place. Wish I wuz home now. Dere's all my money-en' dat ole sow drat ber! En' my Dominicker hen 'most ready to come offen her nes'-whev's my rumberilla? Lemme study whey is I leffum? I so sot on Mawse Nick I disremember whey I leffum.

Sore disturbed, the old negro hastened back to the stump where he had sat down: the umbrella was not there. He retraced his steps to the store, but the herished badge of respectability was not to be found for any search,

"Well, well," he sighed, "ill luck doan nuver come single handed. Maybe hit's a sign dat ole Furnival sow is rooted up my money. Dey is might'ly in de way, dem Furnivals, 'en de bes' what I kin do beginst 'em is ter wrastle in prah.'

Thus communing with himself and carrying a dejected head, old Gilbert came, unawares, upon one of the citizens of Eden, who was acting as a patrol.

"Halt!" said the man of brief authority. "Yes, mawster!" said old Gilbert, stopbort and taking off his hat with one hand, while with the other he fumbled in his pocket for his pass. "I'se Kernel Thorne's Gilbert, suh, fum over ter Leon, ome ter de Sunrise plantation. Mawse Nick wrotened me permission ter come up ter de sto' en buy terbacker."

The man held the pass up to the moonlight, and while he read old Gilbert scanned his face studiously.

'Ain't you Mr. Job Furnival, suh?' be asked, with far more deference than he nsidered the Furnivals entitled to: but Mr. Job Furnival's daughter was honored by Mawse Nicholas' attentions, and that made a difference: it was the part of wisdom, apparently, to keep on the good side of Mr. Job Furnival, and get all the information possible. "I 'members de favor of yo' pusson 'bout Tallahassee streets."

'Ya-as, that's my name," said Mr. b Furnival, with a hesitating drawl. Old Gilbert grinned affably. "Is you done quie Tallahassee, suh?"

"Well, my wife's health war broke," said Furnival, "an' I got a job down this way, an' I bought a house an' lot cheap. After a pause he continued: "It war plum lucky for Col. Thorne's son thet my wife tuk care on him when he got that stab o' Marcus White's knife. Marcus war the one ter blame, so he bein' our kin we war boun'ter look after Nick He wandered on nimlessly to the end Thorne, sorter. It war a close shave 'twixt him an' Kingdom Come, an' 1 ain't adzackly got my furciveness vit loomed up in the dusk, isolated, upon the that I ain't told the colonel nothin' bout hit. But Nick'lis, I reckin, is skeerder of the colonel than ever he war of the devil, an' he wouldn' let no letter be

> Yes, mawster," said old Gilbert, "It's larnt Nick Thorne one wholesom

"Yes, mawster," said old Gilbert again;

"An' I reckin, maybe, he'll walk a straighter track, of so be the colonel war minded ter settle him permanent onter

"I dunno: I dunno nothin", " said old

"Ef Nick'lis-war minded-ter marry" - Furnival resumed hesitatingly. Old Gilbert waited respectfully for the sentence to be finished, but Job Furnival was only attempting a suggestion to the old negro's garrulity; and as Gilbert

maintained silence, he walked away without further words. "He ain't got no manners," old Gilbert muttered, as he trudged along. "Mawster would a' said good evenin', dough I is a po' ele no 'connt nigger. En' s'posin mawater do settle Mawse Nick onter Sunrise plantation, is Mr. Job Furnival gwan boss de niggers? De mo' I argyfies, 'pears ter me lak de troubles o' dis worl' is accumerlatin'. I gwan travel finite relief, 'long back ter Tnorne Hill, jes' ez quick

ez I kin git my pass." He could not get his pass until Nicholas had breakfasted, and then it was so long past the dawn that old Gilbert, in order to make a sufficiently early start,

was obliged to delay yet another day. "Reckon it's time you were at home. said Nicholas. "The hounds will be into your hen nests, and the worms in your tobacco patch, and the grass in your

Yes, Mawse Nick; I been here five days a'ready," old Gilbert sighed, think. | this messenger's return were hard to be ing of Dan Furnival's wandering sow, and the hollow in the wood. "En' I'se had trouble in plenty; Fse los' my rum-

"Aha!" said Nicholas, "Then you may take mine."

"No. Mawse Nick, no suh!" said old Gilbert, putting up his hands beseeching-, while his face turned that ashen bue | impatiently. scullar to the negro. "I ain't gwan tek rumberilla, nohow,"

"Dat I couldn' do," he said to himself, is he turned away. "Fee bleedged ter go home en' tell mawster-what I is on' out. But I aln' gwan tote his rumberilla, en' tote tales too.' He sat him down under the work shed

chiding the lingering hours. " 'Pears lak Jashuav been meddlin' wid dat sun. he grumbled. But the sun went down at last, and Flora sang, and the colonel found it hard en it rose again the old man was well to be patient.

on his way to Thorne Hill. It was dark when he alighted at his

negro quarters, and near the head of the lane that led from the back premises along the garden. The cabin, built of logs, with a chimney of clay, occupied one side of a small enclosure, surrounded by a wattled fence. Here old Gilbert had his garden, his tobacco patch and his betrayed into ejaculating aloud. "En'

poultry yard. e orter be sayin' dat same ter Miss "Plum' glad I is ter git home!" he ejaculated. "Befo' I goes up ter de gret house, I gwan hunt me nigg outen my own hennesses; 'pears lak I ain' taste naire aigg ter my notion sence I been gone."

Now, while old Gilbert was absent at Sunrise plantation, several things had happened to increase the colonel's impace at Nicholas' contentment in exile In the first place, a sudden and violent storm had unroofed Mrs. Leonard Thorne's house, so that Miss Flora and her mamma had been forced to take refuge at Thorne Hill. This was very pleasing to the colonel; for though he-did not like his brother's widow, he was very

fond of his brother's young daughter. Flora Thorne, besides being fair to see had the screne manners that he admired: she danced with grace, she sang the simple songs he loved, she was very domestic, and not in the least "learned. It was the strongest desire of his heart that Nicholas should marry this pretty cousin, settle on the Ferndale place, three miles distant, and fulfill the dignified destiny of a gentleman planter. But since Miss Flora had taken up her abode at Thorne Hill, the colonel had made a discovery that caused him much uneasiness, That so pretty and charming a girl should have adorers was in the natural order of things, and the colonel did not object to the frequent visits of Miss Flora's admirers; but that Miss Flora should favor any one of them all more than another Nicholas being absent-was more than

Nicholas' father could endure with equanimity. Mr. Aleck Gage was the one among Miss Flora's visitors whose coming vexed the colonel, and increased his eagerness for his son's return.

But how to recall his banished son without sacrificing his own dignity-a point upon which he was superlatively sensitive-was still the problem that engaged the colonel's thoughts. He felt that Nicholas under sentence of banishment ought to plead to return home; he was sure that Sunrise plantation must have proved unendurable long ago; but Nicholas was giving proof of a more obstinate endurance than his father had supposed him capable of. "Confound him for being so much like me!" the colonel muttered, as he sat staring at the thorny popinac, where the accustomed mocking bird, rejoicing in the moonlight, poured its unstinted song. In the parlor Flora was singing to Aleck Gage something about moonlight and music, love and flowers, and the colonel raged like the heathen.

Old Gilbert's familiar greeting fell upon his ear with a soothing sound. Leaning forward in his chair, the colonel descried a dark visage just above the level of the piazza floor. "Hello! So your back at last, you old runaway!" he said jocosely. "And how is Nicholas?"

"Mawse Nicholos is peart ez a cricket. suh," Gilbert answered cheerfully, but added immediately, and with strong emphasis, "Hit's a mighty lonesome place,

"Ha! Nicholas finds it lonesome!" the olonel asked eagerly.
"He min't complained none," old Gil-

bert sighed. "En' de craps is mighty promussin'," he supplemented, adroidly, though well he knew that the crops owed none of their promise to Nicholas.

Suddenly be changed the subject Al. though he still had it in mind to tell all he knew, he found it very hard to make his report; he could not come at it through the medium of the crops, and he

was fain to try another course. "Whoa' dis de tell me, mawster, down ter de quarter, bout de sform done unroofed Miss Pauline's houser"

you have a blow at Sunrise plantation?" "Tubbe sho, sub, what you mought call a high win', the day atter I got dere; but de uin' no damidge done. Miss Flora en her maw, Miss Pauline, de is all safe?" "Oh, yes, only out of house and home:

out of their own house and home, that is. They've a home here, of course, as or lawn is a good substitute for silk, and in long as they'll stay. I don't know how long it may be about rebuilding. The house is pretty badly shattered and Furnival is not to be found in Tallahassee.

He has a job somewhere, it seems," "Mawas Job Furnival von is mennin" mawster? cried old Gilbert, excitedly, Ellen: seed him myse'f; had speech wid | material, black excepted.

"What is he doing there!"

"I ain't 'ractly made out ez he is doin' anythin in 'tickler, suh," old Gilbert answered, uneasily, "But I'm a-thinkin" it mought be a-savin' you a sight o' troumawster, if Mawse Nick wuz here ter go back en' fo'th en' look atter rebuildin' the like. Another new pattern is made up Miss Pauline's house."

"Exactly!" exclaimed the colonel, with a feeling akin to gratitude. "I'll send forthwith for Furnival, and I'll have Sicholas at home. Go round to the sitchen and tell Dicey to give you a tip top supper. Reckon you're pretty tired? 'Middlin', mawster; thankee, suh, old Gilbert responded, with a sigh of in-

"I didn't want ter go tell on Mawse Nick," he said to himself, on the way to the kitchen; "not of hit wuz ter be holp, En' thankful I am de Lawd is pinted de way der git him fotch home 'dout me go tellin', praise be ter glory!"

The colonel called Tom Quash, and gave him orders to take the double burgy and two horses, and start for Sunrise plantation early the next morning, carrying a letter to Nicholas, and another to Job Furnival The two days that intervened before

endured in patience; it was more than could be borne that Tom Quash returned "Miz Furnival, sub, is a-lvin' at de

pint o' death," Tom explained. "En' dat occurs Mr. Furnival he couldn't "And Nicholas" asked the colonel.

'Mawse Nicholas is wrotened a note, said Tour Quash, fumbling in the crown of his hat. "He sont his recepec's, en" he can't come at sich short notice; is got some matters ter sorter straighten, but'll be along after a day or so," The colonel snatched his son's note and

read it eagerly. It was expressed in terms calculated to mallify an angry parent, but there was Alex Gage in the parlor turning over the music while

Tom Quash did not tell how Nicholas stamped and swore when he read his much trouble in facturing and for that reain one of the angles (praised by the raise. | cabin, which stood apart from the other | father's letter and declared that Sunrise | son is not likely to be popular.

plantation was good enough for him; Tom Quash kept all this to himself, and pondered it in his obtuse brain.

When Miss Elvira learned that Nicho las was coming home she locked herself within her room, took from a secret drawer the note she had received from Roxanna White and read it for the last time. Then she burned it, and having accomplished some extra pages of "Bishop Ken," went down to tea, looking at least five years younger.

To be Continued. WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

FASHIONS THAT ARE APPROVED IN NEW YORK, LONDON AND PARIS.

Styles of Hair Dressing-Wigs and Fringes Still Popular, but Their Overthrow for the Coming Season Threatened by a Parisian Fancy for a Natural Coiffure.

Many women "make up" their heads now idays, and the custom appears to be par-icularly popular among English women. A London milliner is credited with the remark that she has to be very careful in taking off her customers' bonnets, for fear their hair should come off, too.

It must not be supposed that wigs are worn or the purpose of concealing baldness. Nothng of the kind. Of course, a good many igs-a majority probably-are worn to con al defects; but they are also largely worn by women who don't want the trouble of do-ing up their own hair. A wig can be dressed on a block, and it is made so artfully on an elastic foundation that it fits too tightly for the difference between the false and the true o be discovered. Only the finest linir is used wig maker says that there is a great de mand for red brown hair now. It will be the ying out so quickly that presently there will



A FÁSHIONABLE COUFFURE.

A wig that will match one's own hair is ended by the makers, when it can be procured, as usually most becoming, but directed elsewhere. He has been known to wn are quite permissible for evening wear. rush their hair severely back.

is used, in fact, that what are called knock the leather out of sight, feather weight headdresses" weigh, it is laimed, only about one-third of a real head sovering of similar appearance and design. Naturally curly or wavy hair being used, ampness and sea air affect it but little erhaps the greatest recommendation of the rig or henddress is that one can slip it on the head in an instant, and have always the autortable feeling of having the hair fashmably dressed. Our cut represents an elab-

rate feather weight wig. It must be added that a rumor comes from Paris of a reaction against wigs, and that here will be an effort to abolish not only hair but curling irons as well, and it will be considered bad taste to change the natural color of one's tresses. French women are doing up their hair very simply, and in act dressing it solidly to allow of riding dancing and driving, without blowing in the eyes or hanging down the neck in loose frizzes.

Women who do their own dressmaking are often puzzled over the choice of linings, and he following hints borne in mind will be found very serviceable by them:

"Yes," the colonel answered: "didn't | the dye is more than likely to soil the under-For black transparency or open cloths there are double faced stheins, which are black on one side and pearl or figured cream color on the other. With lace or grenadine, jet or net, black silk lining is indispensable, and then care should be taken to get a fast black. For light silks creps de chine surahs, pulls and embroideries, white linen, muslin lining the skirt of any limp material printed cambric, percale silicia or very light calico ill be found serviceable. It is a good idea o save silk dresses, as they come in very deely for facings when not sufficient for an

In color light gray is generally serviceable although, everything considered, it is safe to Bless yo' soul, mawster, he is over ter have the linings the same shade as the dress

Patterns of New Brocades.

Patterns of the new brocades appear it general much smaller than those of last year in conformity probably with the more sever Many of the designs are in sympathy with entirely of leaves.

The Newest Jackets.

The jackets here sketched represent two of he newest English spring designs. The most triking point about one is the large black eves. The trimming round the seves at the shoulder is also rather new nented in this manner for some time past.



SPRING PACKETS.

This jacket is faced in with velvet, and oks very pretty worn open. It is imposs make much siteration in the cut of jackets. the shapes have not sitered. The other acket is of gray cloth, with a red silk collar. ou of the short, loose sleeves gives it a novel look.

Fushion Echoes. Skirts are being made with an imitation opening at the side, that is either buttoned or laced up with a thick cord. A good deal of

braid is still used. Gowns are garnished with flowers in all sorts of fancy fastions. One dress will be decorated with flowers diagonally from the shoulder to the hem; on another they are arranged trails fashion at the hem.

Dress skirts grow plainer every day and bodiess more and more intricate. The newest bodice is one that fastens down the loft side from the shoulder.

Men Who Will Be Heard from Before the Season Ends.

KNIGHTS OF THE BAT AND BALL.

Mike Kelly, the \$10,000 Beauty, Heads the List, of Course-James Duryea, John C. Rowe, Dan Brouthers and Arthur Whitney.

Pluck, endurance, grit, ambition and foxiness are the principal characteristics necessary to the baseball player of the present time. Here are pictures of six well known men



MICHAEL J. KELLY. Michael J. Kelly, the premier among ball players, the \$10,000 beauty and the hero of many adventures both on and off the field, admittedly the greatest trickster in the profession. One of his favorite games with new pitchers is to stand outside the conchers' lines when there is a man on third base, and then ask to have the ball thrown to him, on pretense that it is ripped or otherwise unfit for use. If the pitcher is not on, he will too the ball as requested and the base runner makes for the home plate. As a base runner he has few superiors. In a recent game he made a hit that to an ordinary player would have been a good single, but Kelly wanted more. Quinn, the second baseman, was waiting with the ball in his hands, but Kelly threw his body out and shot his hand in, grabbing the bag as he went by. It was a remarkable slide, and no one but the king of baserunners could have accomplished the move.

Another of his tricks is cutting across the diamond when the attention of the umpire it esses two or three shades lighter than one's cut from second base to the home plate, also to call a player to the plate in a discussion The fringe, too, still kolds its own with omen who have high foreleads. It is only out. Yor, notwithstanding these little pecuonen with low foreleads who can afford to harities, he is a ball player from his feet up, rush their hair severely back.

In making these artificial conflures the hair daisy. He bats altogether with his wrists, worked so skillfully into the foundation as and strikes at everything, often jumping o reduce its length and quality, and so little | two feet from the plate in his engerness to



JAMES DUBYEA

"Cyclone" Jim Duryea, one of the pitchers on the Cincinnati League team, is an inter esting character. Good natured and always ready for fun, he takes great pleasure in try ing to throw the ball clear through the back stop, hence his title of the "Cyclone." When Jim became old enough to join the St. Paul (Ming.) team, in '56, his father, who was a great ball crank, told him he would deed him "All right," says Jim, "the farm's mine.

At one time four rival managers were after him to sign him for their respective clubs There is a law in baseball affairs which makes it impossible to sega a player before a certadate. On the night before the expiration of this time these managers were close after some way John Barnes induced him to join plenty, and everything went Jim's way. He have him win and so keep him interested unwart "coons" outside the door, with order to sing any one who tried to gain admittance Promptly at midnight Duryen's name was signed to the contract, and the game turned

J. C. Rowe, who is now playing on the Buf. falo Players' League team, is a hustler on th



club in the vicinity, bur much, and he was it His brother Dave, now managing the Denver team, will testify to the follow story, if he has not forgotten it; In the town of Jacksonville, lilu, where the Rowse lived John was looked upon as a "kid" withe in brother Dave was the big gon of club. One day John came on the field no played in a practice game. Rediminated more remarkable aptitude for the gaine toot th members of the telum ununimently asked to join. Only one man objected, and that was Dave. He did not want to play second fiddle to his "kid" brother, but he was obliged the famous Big Four that went from Buffal to Detroit. He is never made con his behavior on the dissound. Madeute is his chief coaracteristic.

Dan Brouthers, the leading batter year, now with the Beston Players' League ich is a sufferer from personal admirati so they say. Before the season began, while he was on the trip south, a young onling pitcher struck him out. Last year it was long time ere such a thing eccurred

man who did it. When Des fanned the recently he felt called upon to vindicate his reputation as a singger. His excuse was given in this language: "Last season every pitcher had but one idea—to strike me out. This made it vary hard for me to ebtain more than two or three home runs a day and had the effect of lowering my average. This year I determined to strike out early and save my

Arthur J. Whitney is on the list for good playing this season, and if last year's work is any criterion this handsome brunette wil over third base and scoop up grounders with that ease and graceful style so femiliar to all who follow his actions. Arthur is not a star player, but reliable as the sun and always on hand at critical times. One of his most noteworthy fielding feats at third base was in the Detroit-Buffaio game May 5, 31, when he assisted no fewer than ton times. He will

cover third base for the New York Players eague club this senson.

Whitney's professional career began in 1876, when he was engaged by the Fall River (Mass.) club, and took part in many games played by that once famous team. One of the most noted was that played Oct. 14, 1876, in Boston, in which the Fall Rivers defeated the Bostons by a score of 6 to 4. In 1877 Whitney joined the Lowell club, which made a very brilliant record that season, including rteen inuing game, June 5, at Lowell, the Indianapolls team then making the only and winning run. Whitney made two of the six safe hits credited to his team.



DAN BROUTIERS.

The Lowells also that season defeated the and Whitney was credited with two of the the subject of the information of the four hits made by his team. Whitney remained during the season of 1978 with the acquainted sittle the subjects of the day.

Lowells, who defeated the Springfield club is as ready to talk of Belling's book an that season by I to 0 in a thirteen inning

In 1879 and 1880 he was a member of the Worcester club, the latter year being Work cester's first season in the National league. In 1881 Whitney was engaged by the Detroit club, that being Detroit's first year as u nember of the National learns. usined with the Detroits throughout the season of 1882. During the emson of 1883 and the early part of 1884 he played with the league. When that club dishanded in the ummer of 1984 Whitney went to the Pitta burg club, where he played throughout the

Many a game has been fost through the competency of the umpires. A few words Sporting Critic may not be out of ever here In selecting umpires, it seems old that those who have that duty to perform seldom think of taking men who are best adapted to the position, but are governed in many



ABSTRUM WHITEMEY. tance, the man who has the best chance for n appointment is be who has the most inliable men are always comen; but hopen; nd good, keen eyenght are not always pos-

lmost hooted from off the Rel4 for errone sersions, which were protates of independ calling balls and striker. The hardest men be deceived by pitchers, while acting it ment yours besid the but is the cutcher's Among them can be named John Kelly, Robert Fergus, a and "Pail" Powers For that reason, the recent selection of "Bil-Holbert as an unspire is generally ap-

Catton the Nagger. is said that once wires G'Connor, the arsman, was passing through Clauser en onte to Australia he went illiard hall and expressed a desire to see the Wizard toy with the ivories. To oblige him Schnefer and Cutton agreed to play a gamat eight lock balk line. Ontion wen the banand commenced to count. He rolled up to points until he had nixty, and O'Conner, got coat preparatory to catching his train, which coat preparatory to constant an erace, we feel in half an houre Cations are the job and kept on nammering. At last of Consonwalked over and smile "Well, good-by, Jahu it's train time. I will see you take your in sing when I ratura from Australia."

Regional has evolved a novelty in the quatic line, according to a Lendon cablegram, which states: "A popular mewanes sion foot, with good prorperts of recess, to make up a ladder eight carred team to ran-over the university course. There is a cou-siderable purve, and the entries are open to Il girls under the age of 25, kroseceline of

When amounted to staner the other day J. D. Hyart was heavy writing at his deak at nis home in New York. He heard something map as he closed the new drawer, but though thing of it. He was harely sented at the table when a couple of policemen clamsred at blesing merrily, a picture honging above it was rained, and the except was emoldering. Mr. Hyatt thinks he set off a parlor match when he snot the desk.-Corngo Herald.

Growing Fat on Sweetened Water. One of the drivers on the Whist street line getting fat on awestened het water. He weighed 150 pounds. He had hit dinner

sent to him every day, but was troubled for some time as to what he should drink, at he He tried but water tea, but that did not

epit him, so he began to take a small coffee pot full of execteued but water at every meal. He liked it so much that he continued its use, and would now miss it as unich as an invetorate cuffee drinker would miss his orning cup of Java.

The driver begun to fatter, and now weight 115-sixty pounds mure than he weighed before he began drinking hot water.-Atlanta

Marie Burroughs and Her Miniature Court.

WHERE BRILLIANT PEOPLE MEET.

Her Mome a Guthering Place for Actors, Artists and Writers-tiles Engenie Taber, a Young Actress with Bright Prespects

A Devotee of Outdoor Sports. There is to Neti York a little circle of profestional people-actors, artists and writers-which very nearly resolute the ideal. There who is not more or less distinguished to tionality (of theagut at least) must be left behind. All circles have a center, and the



MARIE BURROUGHS. actress. Her reigns is absolute. In her handome apartments on Broadway, where she and her husband, Mr. F. Massen, live quietly, the informal galactures occur. The actors and actremes sing timir every, show their friends their larest pieces of "business," toli, perhaps, of seems new touch which they will mid to their part at the next performance; the artists exhibit their pictures, feeding sure that their most delicate touches will be apprecision, the writers rand their pet productions, entiried that although their heavers may be few in number their interest is un-feigned. Among these few Miss Burroughs

She is a weman of delightful personality and played a ten inning game with the Rhode | and recentiably bundsome above the medi am height, with no excresive and sympe cored. On Sept. 7, 1877, at Lowell, the Bos- | thetic lines, runn uno in mair and blue eyes which seem to grow deriver as her interest in social problems of a control discuss costuspeak enthronous y of Bernmardt H miration for the "altime Saunh," by the office and wearners are restarted to the great act for has on the grammatic way of expreberneif which structor conside a said process in the learne court to perfection. The

> on the stage," she says, "to command respect." The function of least which pleased Bernhardt so much, "She never impens the always accomplishes," might perhaps be appiled to Miss Burroughs. Miss Burroughs to a hard worker. The avof labor which she expends in merely keeping

Her work on the stage is well enough known to need out little consessent. "I am

stay young," says sle, "because they must," She thoroughly believes in missage, and is an enthusiastic "leverous".

Her father was a feet some and one of the first to own the C of IIII somes at Vis-

wild her first pentes onal work li in a company, out la ow at the N -PAIN WORKS cles and aple remarkably july looking girl, and among her intimetes is known as "Tabby," Bha to always pleasant, and he the pet of Mr. Pal mer's company. She mays she on joys hernelf best when out of claurs. In fact, she is a deand an enthusiastic followwoman. a good chare of last summer deer shooting to made one of the test ims fishing records of

Miss Taber is a devendant of the old New Redferd family of Tabers, the first of which ancied on Physical's Rock with the sturely company of passers from the Mayflower, Her grandparents were Quakura, and she is the first of the family to go on the stage. She



which dark ended has lived with her beaths a New York physician. Derring the theatries. our size three an entwenty quiet life in New ork, working hard at her prefession and using every more hour in the study of lan-grages and cultivation of a voice which is siready delightful and which given promise becoming even flact

she says see is willing to wait and work. Her primation teward throtoge, notwisketending her Quaker ancestry, meens to have been horn in her. When the was a little girl she was constantly getting into scrapes by organizing heatrical performance manag her play mates, and as she advanced in age har ficings Theopian grow stronger. But is the daughter of the well known literary man and ententies.

A Uneful Mambler of the Family. The woman whom I admire most, the wa-It the old muid. She belon one and all in the busefuld, father, mother, brothers, sisters, I know many who have deliberately chosen scholarly and medul. I know one of them in levely character. When young the salgist

but she would not part with her futher, her